The Middlebury Campus

VOL. VI MAY, 1910 No. 4

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

SUMMER SESSION OF 1910, JULY 5 -- AUGUST 12

ALL OF THE DEPARTMENTS of Middlebury College will be represented in the Summer Session, during which over forty courses will be conducted by a staff of twenty-two members, the majority of whom are regular instructors of the College.

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SOTFLY murmurs the Otter,
Whispering o'er and o'er,
A name that it loves to the willows,
Bending along its shore.

Listening silent a moment,
The leaves of the willow trees
Catch the refrain, and repeat it
To the playful summer breeze.

Blowing blithe o'er the meadows,
Laughing aloud in its glee,
The summer breeze takes up the song
And tells it o'er to me.

And I wonder not that they love it,
This name the breeze whispers to me,
For listen, 'tis this ; "Middlebury,"
What name better loved could there be ?

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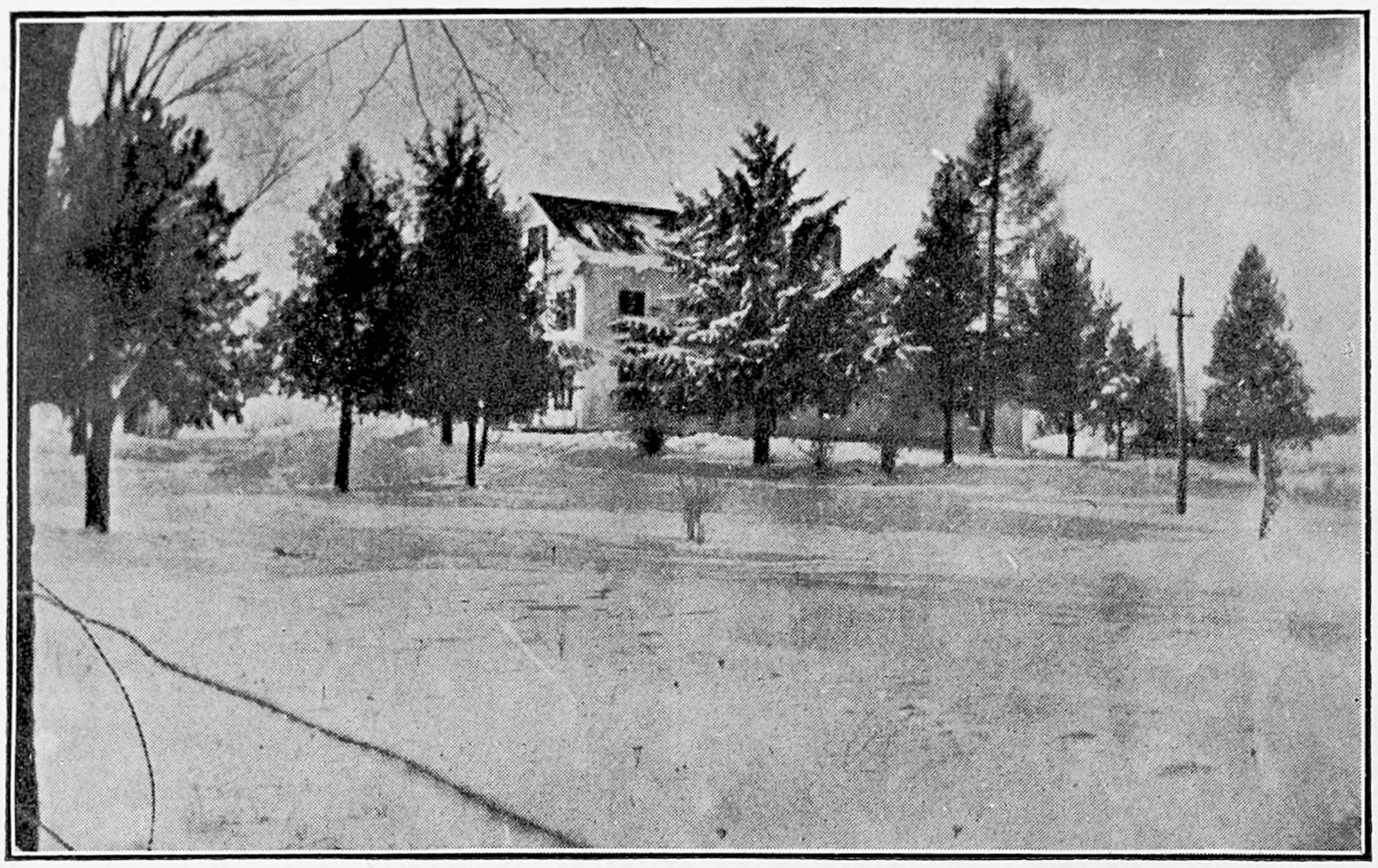
DEDICATION ODE.

SHOULD you ask me whence this CAMPUS,
Whence these articles and poems,
With the stamp of women's fingers,
With the gentle touch of maidens,
With the painstaking endeavors,
With results of hours of labor,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the Seniors and the Juniors,
From the Sophomores and Freshmen,
From the feminine alumnae,
From the women of all classes,
From the women of our College.

* * * * *

Ye who love the Woman's College,
Love its literary labors,
That have now been undertaken
By so many of its members,
Cast a glance upon these pages,
Not to criticize or murmur,
But for pleasure and enjoyment,
Which we trust they will afford you,
Take your only chance, my comrades,
Read, I say, the woman's CAMPUS.



THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

THE WOMEN'S DORMITORY.

THE history of the building about to be erected on the women's campus is well known to all who read this article, if only because the getting of funds to secure it was so impressively difficult, and solicitation was always accompanied by a recital of the facts that land had already been donated by Mr. Battell for a women's campus, and that Dr. Pearsons stood ready to cap seventy-five thousand dollars with twenty-five thousand to be used for a women's building.

The rectangular building of rough hewn native marble like that of the Catholic church, will stand on the crest of the hill north of Battell Cottage. It will face the east, giving all the rooms east or west exposure, that none shall miss the inspiration of the everlasting hills, the Green Mountains, the pride of Vermont, or the Adirondacks, the glory of New York State.

Up three or four steps from the ground level is the entrance, a colonial doorway, the single door opening into a vestibule of four steps leading up to the double doors which open into the entrance hall with the stairs to the second floor directly in front.

On the first floor to the left are a lavatory, some students' rooms, and the rooms of the Dean of the Women's College. To the right, as you enter, are two cloak rooms on either side of the corridor, one for women, the other for men. Just beyond, at the end of the corridor, is the large social hall, which is to be the center of the social life of the women, not only the women of the dormitories, but all the women of the college. The use of the room for parties may be obtained by any women's organization in the college or by any group of women who wish to entertain college friends. Refreshments can be prepared in a room

reserved in the basement for that purpose, and sent up to the first floor on the lift, whence they can be conveniently and quickly served. It is hoped that here every women in Middlebury College will find social opportunity.

The second and third floors are alike in arrangement, each floor having ten double and two single rooms, and a lavatory sanitarily and adequately equipped.

The fourth floor has five rooms with dormer windows, one double and four single, with a lavatory. There is also on this floor an infirmary for the use of any woman in the college. In connection with this is a music room with private bath. This suite can be entirely shut off from the rest of the hall, making absolute quarantine possible in cases of contagious disease. These rooms may also be used as guest rooms when not needed for the sick.

At the south end of the building, extending from the fourth to the first floor, is an enclosed fireproof stairway, an indoor fire-escape, which can be closed in from the corridors by double doors.

In the basement besides the heating and ventilating plant, service room and storage room, there is a laundry well equipped both for the general laundry work of the dormitories and to give opportunity for the women to do for themselves such work as they care to do. At the north end of the basement, corresponding to the Social Hall on the first floor, is an exercising room which will be equipped with chest weights, rings, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and other desirable apparatus. In connection with this are lockers, dressing rooms, and shower baths. These facilities are to be open to all the women of the college under competent direction,

Thus the new building will meet the needs of the women, as a home for nearly sixty of them, as a recreation center for all who care to take advantage of it, and as a gymnasium for all.

In addition to the equipment of the new building, accommodations for the women will be offered by Battell Cottage, which is to have its dining room enlarged to seat one hundred persons. There will be rooms on the campus for about eighty women, and others may take their meals there if they so desire.

The rules under which rooms in college houses shall be assigned are not yet formulated, but it is assured that women now in college will have first choice, and that incoming students

will be assigned college rooms, it being the intention that, so far as possible, new students shall live on the campus.

With the completion of the new dormitory and the addition to Battell Cottage, Middlebury College will put at the service of her women large opportunity for healthy, wholesome, gracious home life.

Middlebury will be a new sense the college home of her daughters.

IN REMINISCENT VEIN.

[FLORENCE M. HEMENWAY, 1900.]

AS I approach the tenth anniversary of graduation from college I am inclined to look for those things which have stood the test of time, for the influences which still abide, for some of the reasons why I am glad to hail Middlebury as Alma Mater. Ten years is not long, and yet it is long enough to give a clearer appreciation of values than was possible on the day when that mysterious sheepskin was received.

I rejoice to have been a student in a college with such a splendid history. The inspiration springing from this past is no idle fancy, but a fact in life. The strength of the men and women who have struggled and conquered and of those who are toiling with us today, enters into our souls. And as we think of the past we can heartily add; all honor to those who are now making for the new Middlebury history which is as full of inspiration as its past has been.

I am glad of the classroom contact with the masculine mind as an offset to the high school, where usually the larger proportion of teachers are women. And the personal touch with the professors in the small college—what a help it has been! Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this privilege which has brought so much of enrichment into the lives of many students. Recollections also come crowding upon each other of times when in the professors' homes there have been found wise counsel, good cheer, kindly suggestion, sympathy, which have helped over many a hard place and time of discouragement.

College friendships—mystic word. Those friendships in the class and in the larger circle which endure, though the years pass.

Friendships such that, no matter how long the separation, the friends can begin where they parted and pick up the threads again. These were the sort of friendships we made in college.

Because of the smaller number of students, a greater variety of work must of necessity be performed by each student. How valuable in doing life's work and in getting in with people has been every bit of experience so gained!

One feature of life which prevailed during my student days, and which I trust does still, was the position accorded the upper classman, and especially the senior, by the students of the lower classes. Suggestions made by them were taken and, I believe, with profit. The most helpful friendships of my earlier years in college were with the women of the upper classes. Whether toward us as we came to the position of upper classmen the same feeling was entertained I know not. This much I know, that the latter years of our course aroused us to maintain higher standards and to set before ourselves loftier ideals.

The theme is old and oft indulged. And yet another loyal daughter, glad because Middlebury gives the girls a chance, takes pleasure in this acknowledgment that she can live a life made vastly richer by the four years spent at the grand old college.

SHOO FLY.

[EUNICE WOODWARD SMITH, '11.]

THE man in the moon was grinning. For as he peaked in at the window of the Hartford Military Academy he saw something that amused him. A boy was creeping down a dark corridor. Suddenly he disappeared into one of the rooms, and the man in the moon lost sight of him—but he continued to grin.

"Bob, Bob Davis," the boy whispered, as he crossed to the cot and began to shake the sleeping figure on it. "Bob, I say, wake up!"

"What is it? Eire?"

"Sh," commanded the figure on the edge of the bed as he jammed Bob's face down into the pillow. "Keep quiet! Nothing's the matter, but I've just had the funniest dream."

"And you're waking your poor innocent friends in the dead

of night to tell them your dreams ! O, Gee.'' And his head disappeared under the bed clothes.

'' But, Bob,''—

'' O, take your old dream and run along to bed.''

'' But think how funny it would be to see all the fellows go to roll call in their stocking feet.''

'' What are you talking about !''

'' Why, I dreamed that all the shoes in the barracks disappeared and we all appeared at roll call in our stocking feet. Then I waked up and I got to thinking how funny it would be to swipe the shoes and make the fellows go pattering down without them.

'' What would you do with them?'' Bob was getting interested.

'' Throw them into the quadrangle.''

'' Say, that's —— But you know what the commandant told me yesterday. 'One more prank, Robert, and'—and you know it would break the mater's heart to have me canned. Good night.''

'' But they'd never know who did it. We'd throw our own, too.''

'' Jack, your inventive genius is truly marvelous. Come on, I'm game. What's your plan of action ?''

'' Haven't any. Wanted my actor first.''

'' Let's begin on the top floor and work down.''

'' Come on. Remember the seventh stair squeaks.''

'' What if anybody wakes up?''

'' Let him join the dark conspiracy.''

They crept up to the third story. Bob slipped out of his bath robe and spread it on the floor. Then he began a systematic tour of the rooms. As he came from each room he went to the bath robe and deposited an armful of shoes.

'' All safe?'' questioned Jack, with his mouth close to Bob's ear, when he'd finished the round.

'' Sleeping like babes.''

'' We'll throw 'em from the second story.''

'' It's the ninth stair going down.''

So down they stole to this second story and to the end of the corridor toward the quadrangle.

Squeak ! Up went the window. Thud, thud, thud.

"Gee, what an awful racket!"
"Old Brownie 'll surely hear us."
"Seems like they all were centerpieds."
"Now for this floor."
"You do the pinching here. I'll keep guard."
"All safe?" asked Bob, when Jack had finished.
"Sleeping like babes," Jack quoted.

The man in the moon grinned again at this remark—for he's a very keen man and he'd noticed a few details that had escaped Jack.

"Now back to your downy couch."
"And no more of your old dreams."
"Good night."
"Good night."
"Can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up."
"Can't get 'em up in the morning."
The bugle was ringing down the halls.
"Say, fellows, I can't find my ——"
"Some old sorehead has pinched my ——"
"O where, oh where are my booties gone."
"O where, oh where ——"
"I say, where are my ——"
Cadets were bursting into the halls from all sides.
"What are we going to do?"
"I'm going to breakfast like this, and quick, too."
"A lot you are!"
"They won't let you stay."
"But what ——?"
The bugle was sounding.
"Come on fellows, we'll have to, and we're all in it."

With a whoop, a hundred stocking-footed cadets went pattering down to breakfast.

The officers gasped, but no questions were asked. Breakfast was a quiet meal. After it, as usual, the cadets filed to the parade ground for roll call. The instant the ranks were dismissed a shout arose.

"Come fellows. To the quadrangle."

And there, to be sure, was the pile! Big shoes and little shoes, high shoes and low shoes, black shoes and tan shoes—all in one hopeless confusion.

The man in the moon would have chuckled if he'd seen the cadets tackle those shoes.

"I say, one of those is mine."

"It isn't, they're mates."

"They are not."

"This must be one of Shortie's gunboats."

"Haven't located one of mine yet."

"Here, Baby, this speck of a pump must be yours."

"My kingdom for my other shoe. I've hopped on this foot half an hour."

"I like to know who did this smart Alecky trick."

"You did it yourself, Jack Howe!"

"Why, my own shoes were gone."

"Of course you knew enough to throw your own, too. But I saw you prowling around my room in the ntght. I thought you knew what you wanted ——"

"I did."

"I saw him in my room, too, but I thought he was after a book."

"If Jack Howe was in it, Bob Davis was, too."

"Come on, let's chuck their rooms."

An angry crowd of cadets, against which teachers and officers were helpless, tore away to their revenge. Nor did they stop till every stick of furniture, every book, every pillow, every picture from the offenders' rooms had been pitched into the quadrangle.

That night at roll call the orders were read which reduced to the ranks Captain Robert Stevens Davis and Lieutenant John Mosely Howe.

A VISIT TO IONA.

[MARY O. POLLARD, '96.]

IT was with a feeling of solemnity and awe that I approached the Island of Iona, during a few days spent in the west of Scotland. I had been glad to leave the stream of tourists behind; it was a relief when the boat for the south left on Loch Lomond and I found only two others beside myself waiting for the boat north to Oban. Someway it is very hard to feel any place sacred which is overrun with the curious, all buying souvenirs and addressing postal cards.

After a night at Oban, we left in the early morning for Iona,

taking the boat going north around the Island of Mull and landing at Staffa shortly before reaching Iona. I know of no more fitting preparation for that day's boatride than to read Ossian. Whether Macpherson fabricated much or little of his poems, he interpretated perfectly the Highland landscape around Mull. The rustling of the wind, the innumerable waterfalls, the sobbing of the waves, the scudding of the mist before the blast, all were around us; "the roaring streams that pour from a thousand hills," "a cloud of rain in the day of the sun when slow it rolls on the hills," "the swelling wave of ocean before the rising wind when it bends its head near the coast," the "woody Morven," "a rock with its head of heath," "grey mist rolling on the hills," were all as he had pictured them.

After stopping a little at Staffa and climbing laboriously over the slippery rocks to Fingal's Cave, we resumed our journey and landed at Iona, on sacred ground.

The history of the island is familiar. St. Columba, dissatisfied with Ireland, left that country in the sixth century and, landing at Iona, and making that his headquarters, he and his faithful followers spread all over Scotland the gospel of Christ. So while Rome was being overwhelmed by barbarous northern hordes, a little band of the faithful kept ablaze in the far north the light of life. They established thirty-two churches in the western isles, and twenty-one along the coast of the mainland. The work was prosecuted vigorously. There were one hundred and fifty monks, his followers, and so great was the reverence felt for the isle where he had his monastery that pilgrims flocked thither and kings and noblemen esteemed it an honor to be buried there. But after Columba's death, the Danes made ravages on the island, the monastery was destroyed, its library, one of the most precious of the north, was burned, and even Columba's bones were taken to Ireland for a final resting place.

The island is a curious, quiet place. It is three miles long and one mile wide; with an elevation of perhaps four hundred feet in the center. The landing was made by small boats, upon a beach with curious green stones, epidote, I think. A cluster of houses is near the landing, and a tiny store, more curious than our own general stores in little country places. We went the conventional round of sight-seeing,—to the nunnery built when the monastery was restored in perhaps the twelfth century. So

strict had St. Columba been that no woman set her foot on the island during his life time. Then we went to the ruined cathedral. It is not much to look upon, a little building in partial ruins, not elaborate in architecture nor in good preservation. It has few tablets or memorials, and those it has are of unknown abbots. But it is holy ground—the place made sacred by the missionary of the north who saved the light of Christianity for the Celts.

Then we went outside again, pausing to admire the beautiful Celtic cross near the cathedral with its runic inscriptions, and so on to the graveyard, where it is recorded that forty Scottish kings, one unknown king of France, two Irish kings, and two Norwegian kings are laid to rest among the chieftains of the clans. The last king said to be buried here is the Macbeth of Shakespeare's play.

And this is Iona,—just a bleak, dreary spot of rock in the stormy Atlantic, a mere dot on the water. It had rained while we were wading through the grass to the tombs; the waves dashed over the boat and drenched us in our embarking; but all this and much more did St. Columba endure in those long northern winters when he was making his way over the rough seas and the rougher lands on his errand of love. I could not but think with Dr. Johnson: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmed among the ruins of Iona."

AN OLD MAID HAS WAYS.

[FAITH B. LINSLEY, '13.]

"GOOD-MORNIN', Mis' Hodges, I spose you've come to hear about my engage—well, about my goin' up to Square Gates'es yisterday. I sez to myself this very mornin', it's likely them cur'us neighbors 'll be comin' in soon, pretendin' to borry somethin'. No offense to *you*, Mis' Hodges. You ain't got no cup with you as I kin see an' ennyway I reckon you'r tired o' borryin' of me an' go somewheres else. Now don't act flustered, Mis' Hodges. I ain't sed nothin' flusterin'. *I* pride myself on bein' tackful no matter what. Well, as I wuz sayin', Square Gates jest come fer the summer an' I met him yisterday

mornin'. I allus make it a pint to say a few pleasant words to him, so I stopped him an' sez, 'We're glad to see you in our little burg agen', (thet's what they allus say in a welcomin' speech, Ive seen it agin an' agin) an' he sez, 'I am pleased to be back, Miss Tibbs, so that I can see my old neighbors offen.' Them very words, Mis' Hodges. I call that purty plain. I sez, 'Well, thet's clever of you, Squire, an' if you'll send the team down I'll come up to dinner.' He wuz some surprised, I guess, fer, if I do say it, he's been after me fer some time, an' I ain't budged before. But I could see he wuz pleased, too. He smiled a lot, but I pretended not to notice it. He sez, 'Very well, I'll send the team down fer you to come to luncheon,' and then he turned around quick an' went off. I spose he couldn't trust himself to say eny more before folks so. I guess he must hev forgot about lunch though, fer when I got there I found we were to hev a meal on the dinin' room table. Reel good it wuz, too. The housekeeper is a real clever woman—but slack. Why, if you'll believe it, there wasn't any table cloth on that table, jest some little mats like an' on a shiny table, too. What's that? Did the forks an' things bother me? Well, you must think I'm a reggler ignoramus, Mis' Hodges. Ain't I been takin' the *Home an' Hearthstone* fer years, an' ain't it got a hull page of Society Hints? It plainly sez to begin at the end of the row an' use each thing as it comes, an' I did so. I begun with the nearest an' used 'em right through regardless. I guess the Squre saw I wuz a fit helpmate fer him. He sed he'd be powerful busy thet afternoon an' fer me to make myself to home. Another broad hint, I should say, Mis' Hodges. I had a reel good talk with the housekeeper. She's a reel clever woman, as I sed, but some toplofty, don't relish the idea of my taking her place, I guess. When the Squire come I told him not to bother to send the team agen, he'd be goin' down in the evenin', (he allus goes by every evenin), an' I'd ride with him. I knew he'd ruther, but didn't like to say so on account of the housekeeper bein' there. I wuz bound to make it easy fer him, fer I'm very tackful, as I sed. Well, he brung me home in the evenin'. He wuz jest sayin' he didn't offen hev such a day, an' I'm as sure as everythin' that he wuz goin' to propose, when thet pryin' Abner Hodges come out an' stopped him. I wuz home then purty soon, of course, an' there wasn' time to say more, so it ain't reely *announced* yet. What?

You been tryin' to tell me somethin'? Well, I'm sure *I* ain't hendered you. Your Abner saw the Squire this mornin' takin' the train? Sed he's goin' to spend his summer somewhere else hereafter, where there ain't a meddlin' old maid after him every minnit? Well, I don't blame the pore man. Thet Alviny Mears, everybody can see—*Me*, you say? *Me* after him? Well, of all ungrateful, heartless—(here Miss Ann Eliza Tibbs faints).

TEMPORIBUS HOMINIS ARPINATIS.

WITH the revival of the "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis," it will be interesting to note—although it will necessarily be but an imperfect recollection—the part that women had in the development of this somewhat famous educational enterprise of the college.

While like all academic efforts, here or elsewhere, it became successful only with the support of the entire student body, yet as it rarely happens that some of the number are not leaders, giving of themselves much more generously than the others in the endeavor to reach desired results, so it was here.

To Emily Parker and Eveline Dean, both of the class of 1900, belongs the credit of making the first toga worn by Middlebury consuls, prætors and senators. It was an evening in February, 1898, at the home of one of the members of the faculty, when those two sophomore women met with a generous supply of cotton cloth, needles and thread, to venture upon the then unknown field of Roman dressmaking. A young man, (he happened to have been a member of President Thomas's class and is now a prosperous lawyer in New York) was called down from his room above to assume, much to his amazement, the "toga virilis." Confidentially, the young women, wishing to work under as favorable circumstances as possible, had engaged the best model available. So well did the long folds wrap his stalwart form and so much did he resemble Marcus Tullius stepping out from centuries long ago, that the two young women, not to mention the member of the faculty, were wild in their expressions of approval.

At the meeting of the Horace class next morning, a report of the attempt was made, and in spite of a few doubtful sugges-

tions from him who afterwards became our dignified Cato, and the lifted eyebrows of a few prospective Terentias and Pyrrhas, the Rubicon was crossed, the class unanimously voting to put aside Delineator gowns and Norfolk coats and to sing before the coming Teachers' convention in real tunicas and togas.

Under the leadership of these women, more than half a mile of cloth was scissored, sometimes successfully, and sometimes with results that would have made great Tully smile in derision. Finally, through the maze of wool crepe, serge, silk, cheese cloth and various now forgotten fabrics, there emerged costumes which the college,—and some of the visiting teachers seemed to share in the belief,—trusted were fair imitations of ancient Roman styles.

In other departments of preparation different women became skilled as leaders. What woman could have been more proficient than Miss Ethel Bates in her general management of the costume department? Who could have led the chorus more successfully, or who set words to ancient measures more delightfully, or who touched more skillfully the strings of the lyre, than Miss Bisbee (Regina Incedit) and Miss Alice Smith? Who could have struck the cymbals more like one of Cybele's followers than Winifred Taft? What "Vestalis Maxima" could have been more stately and beautiful than Miss Beatrice Taft before her rose-crowned altar? Who could have walked with more stately grace as "Matres Romanae" than Miss Nichols aud Miss Mann? We all remember how skillfully Miss Clara Andrews' fingers carved the sandal patterns, how deftly Miss Hemenway, Miss Curtis, Miss Florence Andrews, and Miss Barker draped over patient models the unfamiliar robes, and how like a queen Miss Way wore them! It was Miss Wright who dared the fate of wearing something unbecoming and appeared before the audience in the then unique barette. But to go on with the list of those who gave their patient, efficient service, would be to name everyone of the fifty-six women then in college.

While comparisons are odious, yet our Roman Caiuses of a decade since will have no jealous pangs when it is thus publically remembered that the women wore their robes with a better grace and a more to the Forum born air than could they themselves hope to do. Thus while the audience admired the dignity and stately folds of Consul-elect or Tribune, it was plain to be seen that their eyes lingered longest and last on the graceful fall of

tunica and palla as they passed, weaving in and out through Temple areas, Atrias and Sacra via.

So, too, in the coming presentation the women's part will be to amuse and please the audience between the heavier parts portrayed by the men. Their's will be the beautiful tableaux, the radiant colors and the graceful, rhythmic movements. Their's will be the pictures that the minds of the audience will longest remember.

THE EDITOR.

NONE but the most cordial response has been extended to the Board by the members of the Woman's College toward the successful development of this issue of THE CAMPUS. We take this opportunity to express our gratitude for such hearty co-operation and heartily wish that the future will be as bright for successive issues. Shadows darkened our path at the outset. We were forced to ensure the publication of our abundant contributions by a guarantee for fifty extra numbers. To be sure, we appreciate the peculiar aptitude for "Extras" with this, the Women's issue. Does not the reproach seem a bit merited, however, if our management and college brand as selfish, those who made extras a possibility? The exceedingly small number of regular co-ed subscribers might well evoke a blush of shame, apropos the devotion of this issue entirely to women's interests. Fair daughters of Midd, be not tried and found wanting.

PRACTICALLY all the women who can afford to give anything toward the Gymnasium fund have done so, and liberal enough they have been. Yet there is now a tendency to rest on our oars and let the president raise the remainder of the money. More of us could follow the example of the freshman girl, who obtained a contribution of one hundred dollars from a friend. Here is a chance for the women who can afford to give nothing themselves. Then let's get busy with the people at home and not have that one freshman go down to posterity a solitary and unrivalled example of undergraduate enthusiasm.

ONE thing which the women of Middlebury College ought to develop more extensively is a spirit of unity. In order to accomplish anything they must pull together, which they are growing to do more and more, though there is still room for improvement. The new dormitory will be of great assistance in bringing this about, and when it is in good working order, then we may expect to see Middlebury women at their best.

IT is with a feeling of hesitancy that we issue this, the first Women's edition of THE CAMPUS. Please remember before you criticize too harshly that it *is* our first attempt; that we have had little time to work out our "ideas" and that THE CAMPUS serves so many purposes that it is difficult to make it appeal to all.

COLLEGE TRUSTEE DEAD.

ELIJAH B. SHERMAN, for twenty-eight years master in chancery in the United States Circuit Court, died Sunday afternoon, May 1, at his home, 3935 Drexel boulevard, Chicago, at the age of seventy-seven. He had been ill a week with pneumonia.

Mr. Sherman was a trustee of Middlebury College, having served continually since 1894. He was president of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity for many years. He was also a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Loyal Legion and of the Odd Fellows. He is survived by his widow and one son, B. W. Sherman, class of 1890, assistant city attorney of Chicago.

Mr. Sherman was born at Fairfield, Vt., June 18, 1832, and was graduated from Middlebury College in 1860. He attended Union College of Law in Chicago, graduating in 1864. Soon after he married Hattie G. Lovering of Iowa Falls, Iowa. From 1861 to 1862 he was principal of Brandon Seminary in Vermont, but gave up teaching to enlist in the Union army, entering as lieutenant of the Ninth Vermont Infantry.

In 1864 he was admitted to the bar in Chicago, and from 1877 to 1881 was a member of the Illinois legislature. Subsequently he became lieutenant colonel and judge advocate of the

First Brigade, I. N. G., and attorney for the auditor of public accounts of Illinois. He was also chief supervisor of elections in the northern district of Illinois and master in chancery. In 1881–82 he was president of the State Bar Association of Illinois.

Judge Sherman received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Middlebury in 1884 and was one of the most enthusiastic friends of his alma mater. He was well known as an orator and essayist and was a member of the Union League and other clubs.

The flag at the college was displayed at half mast for three days following the announcement of Judge Sherman's death.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering o' the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to G. G. Taylor, Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'60. Rev. Henry P. Higley, D. D., is corresponding with members of the class of 1860 with reference to a reunion on their 50th anniversary of graduation at the approaching Commencement. At least eight will return. By invitation of Hon. Joseph Battell, who is a member of this class, a trip will be made to Bread Loaf Inn.

'63. Word has been received of the death on April 29 last of Mrs. Harriet McKey Tuthill, wife of Judge Richard S. Tuthill of Chicago. Mrs. Tuthill was present at the last Commencement with her husband.

'95. The address of Rev. Hedley A. Vicker after May 1st will be Clarkston, Asotin County, Washington.

'99. The April number of the *American Chemical Journal* contains an article on "Viscosity and Fluidity," by Eugence C. Bingham, Professor in Richmond College, Richmond, Va. The article is based in part on research made by Dr. Bingham during the summer of 1899.

STUDENT NOTES.

Pi Beta Phi served tea to the faculty and town's ladies Saturday afternoon, April 17.

Margery Burditt, '11, has left college on account of her health.

Eunice Smith, '11, entertained a friend from Worcester for the week ending April 10.

Lucy Holden, '12, and Ruby Watkins, '12, are out of college on account of illness.

The freshmen served tea in the study Friday afternoon, April 15.

Margaret Sheldon has returned from visiting Boston and New York.

Jennie McLellan, '11, enjoyed a surprise party April 26.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Officers of Y. W. C. A. for the coming year are: president, Jennie McLellan; vice-president, Myrle Hill; secretary, Charlotte Slocum; treasurer, Margaret Croft. Members of the Cabinet are: chairman of membership, Myrle Hill; chairman of missionary, Sarah Lewis; chairman of Bible study, Lucy Holden; chairman of intercollegiate, Eva Holt; chairman of social, Mabel Martin; chairman of devotional, Helen Crosby; chairman of finance, Margaret Croft. The Silver Bay committee will be a sub-committee on finance this year, with Miss Walker as chairman.

The Silver Bay Club were the guests of Misses Raymond and Meibert April 28.

The girls are planning to have a basket picnic on Chipman Hill as soon as the weather permits. This is under the auspices of the social committee of Y. W. C. A.

President Eugene A. Noble has announced that by order of the board of trustees and an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, the corporate name of the Woman's College of Baltimore has been changed to Goucher College.

BASE BALL.

ON April 28th, in a loose, but exciting game, Middlebury defeated University of Maine by the score of 9 to 8. The day was too cold for fast base ball, but Stilson of Middlebury pitched an excellent game. The Middlebury men found Richards's delivering to their liking and good hitting, coupled with costly errors, scored one run early in the game and seven more in the seventh. The game then seemed entirely one-sided, but Stilson weakened in the ninth after his hard work, and Maine scored three runs. Fisher went into the box and stopped Maine with one more run. This tied the score and great was the excitement when Middlebury came to bat. By a fine rally another run was made, winning the game for Middlebury.

The summary:

MIDDLEBURY.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ross, s. s.,.	5	1	3	0	1	2
Smith, 2 b., ...	5	1	1	2	5	1
Stilson, p. and c. f., ...	2	2	1	1	2	0
Stewart, c., ...	5	1	2	11	0	1
Wray, l. f., ...	4	1	0	0	0	0
Bundy, 1 b., ...	5	1	0	8	0	1
Fisher, c. f. and p., ...	5	0	1	2	0	1
Barnes, 3 b., . - . . .	3	1	1	1	1	0
Mulcahey, r. f., ...	5	1	0	1	0	0
Total, ...	39	9	9	27	9	6

MAINE.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Smith, c., ...	4	0	1	10	1	0
Scales, s. s., ...	5	1	2	2	0	1
Pond, l. f., ...	5	1	2	3	0	1
McHale, c. f., ...	5	0	1	0	0	0
Johnston, 3 b., ...	5	0	1	0	0	2
Bearce, 1 b., ...	4	0	0	11	0	3
Bird, 2 b., ...	4	0	1	1	0	1
Phillips, r. f., ...	4	4	3	0	1	0
Richards, p., ...	4	2	2	0	2	1
Total, ...	40	8	13	27	4	9

Innings, . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
MIDDLEBURY, . . .	0	0	0	1	0	0	7	0	1	—9
MAINE, ...	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	4	—8

Three base hits, Pond; two base hits, Phillips, 2, Bird; bases on balls, off Richards 6; struck out, by Richards 10, by Stilson 10; sacrifice hits, Smith, Wray, Barnes; stolen bases, Philips 2, Richards; time, 2 hours; umpire, McFarland.

CLASS BASE BALL.

1912, 18 : 1913, 4.

THE annual class base ball game played April 29th, was one-sided and uninteresting, except from the 1912 point of view. The sophomores saw a chance to even up for recent basket ball defeats and they did it with a vengeance. They scored eight runs in the first inning and by taking advantage of the freshmen's errors had a total of eighteen at the end of the game. The freshmen made only four hits and as many runs.

We are of the opinion that the freshmen were coached according to the following rules, as found in the *Cornell Widow*.

"In the first place a bat is not to be held like a fountain pen, between the thumb and index digit, but to be firmly grasped by the end of lesser circumference. In assuming the batter's position it is almost a necessity that you face the pitcher, i. e., the man who pitches.

"Secondly, if by chance your bat should get in the way of the ball as it rotates across the plate, the usual thing to do under the circumstances is to begin to run somewhere, the conventional direction being to the right as you face the spectators. When you reach first base, if you can do so without tiring yourself unduly, do not stop to discuss the ethics of the umpire's decision with the first baseman. Go back to the bench with an, 'almost-not-quite' expression on your countenance, and try to convince yourself that you really hit the ball.

"Thirdly, while in the field never try to stop a hot one with your hands. They only get in the way and delay the game. The best method is to assume a careless attitude until the ball is enticed within reach. Then step on it. After it has been

brought to a full halt in this manner, pick it up and hand it politely to the catcher. If you hurry you can almost prevent the runner from getting all the way home.

"Fourthly, in order to lend an atmosphere, fielding gloves may be worn at all times except when in the field.

"Lastly, do not try to catch a fly with the features of the face, use a clothes basket."

ANTIPHONAL ODE—A LA HORACE.

Present Age:

Oh, what about that banquet, the feast that might have been!
The spread which all Y. W. in former years had seen!
And what about the "annual" of Massachusetts club,
When wit and word in contest recalled us to the Hub!

Future Age:

Alas, they all have vanished, their memory grown dim;
All is piled upon the altar of the Gym, the Gym.

Present Age:

Why do the jaunty co-eds go round the longer way,
Why do they shun the greensward on every sort of day?
Why does the bursting leaflet call in vain to all he greets?
Why are the care-free parties vanished from the rustic seats?

Future Age:

Woe me, that word to utter, that this should come to pass!
For we yield all to the future of the Grass, the Grass.

Present Age:

Whence comes that distant rumble, like thunder to our ears?
Why do we pass the Chapel with tremblings and with fears?
Why does its lofty spire sway as with a withering blast?
Why issue from its portals sheeted ghost-forms of the Past?

Future Age:

Oh, we feel the classic presence of a dead, forgotten day!
And the modern lies subjected to the Play, the Play.

By vote of the trustees Tufts College is to cease being a co-educational institution. A new college, to be known as the Jackson College for women, is to be established.

PROSPECTIVE TEACHING.

Prof. MacFarland (Lecturing,)—What is our sixth sense?
Prospective Teacher (waving hand wildly,)—Common sense.
Prof. MacFarland,—Well-er, we don't all have that, Miss C.

NOT MANUFACTURED.

City Cousin,—"Tell me, how is the milkmaid?"

Country One,—"It ain't made, you poor mutt, the cow gives it."

—*Jester.*

Teacher (severely,)—Take that gum out of your mouth and give it to me.

Pupil,—Wait a minute and I'll give you a piece that ain't been chewed.

—*Ex.*

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"I'm going to Chapel, Sir," she said.
"And is that your prayer-book, my little maid ?"
"No, that's my sewing bag, Sir," she said.
"And what do you do there ? my, little maid?"
"Us never does nothing, Sir," she said.
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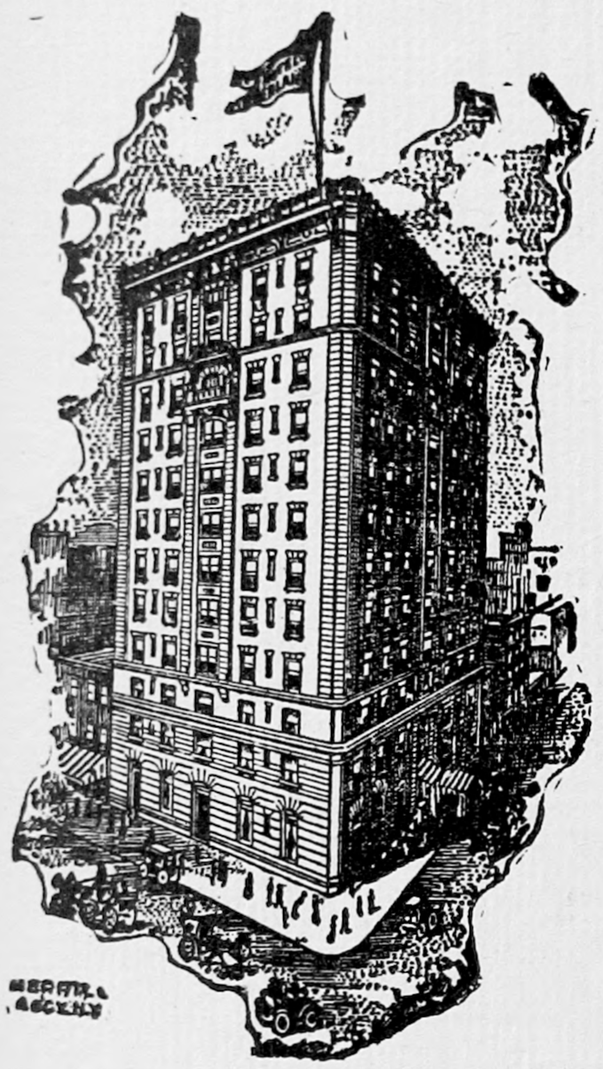

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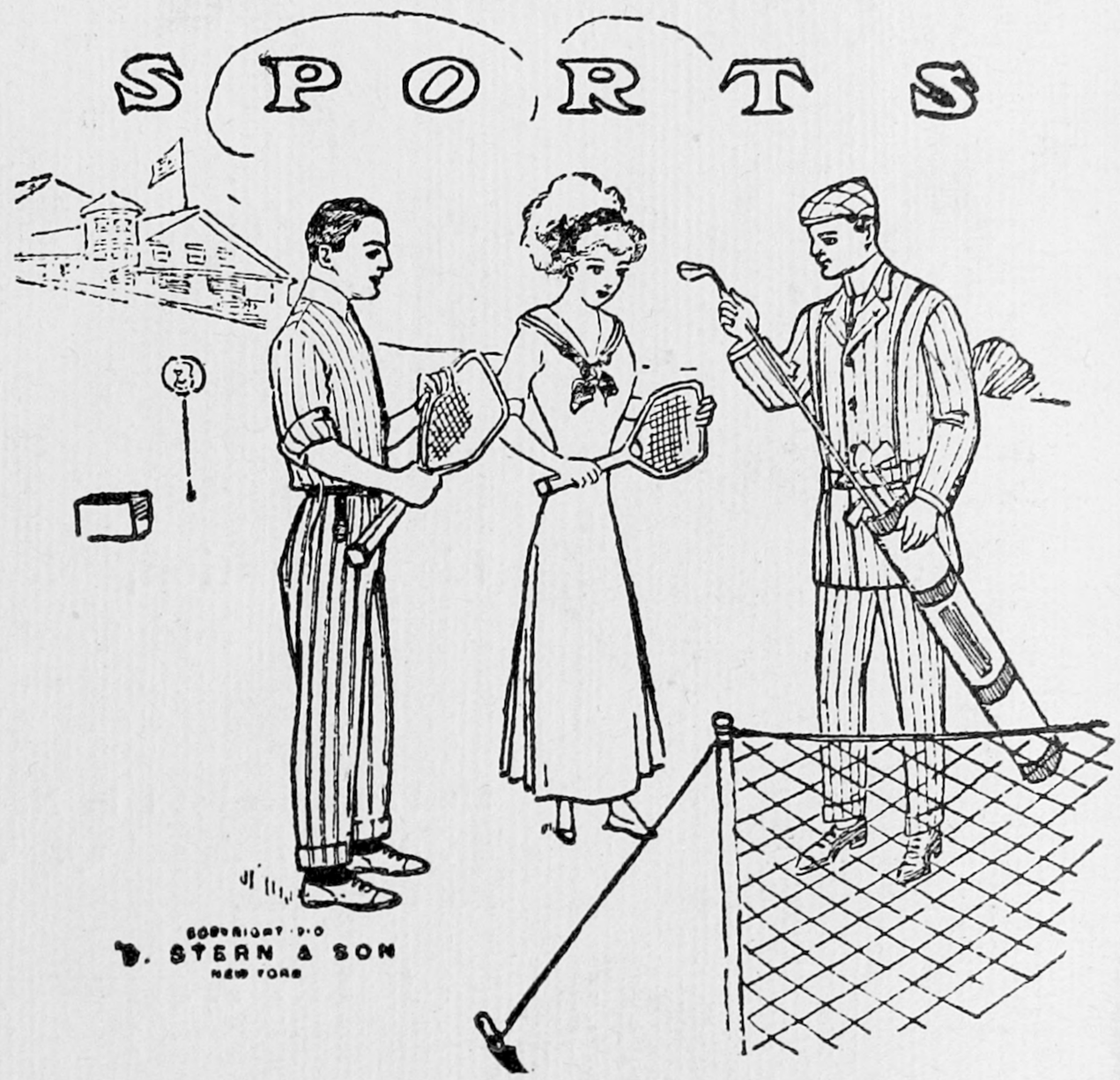

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